

HANGOVER, OCT. 27, 1803.

## HINDU PHILOSOPHER.

DEARLY BELOVED EL HASSAN,

KNOWING thy attachment to the Musical KRISHNEN, and the nine tuneful GOPIA, his attendants; and remembering how thy soul used to glow with celestial fire, and thy tongue to roll in harmonious periods, I enlarged my last epistle by several extracts from the volumes of American Poetry.

To thee, my friend, who art both a philosopher and a poet, it cannot fail of affording delight, to know how a people, who are separated from Hindustan by one half the globe, express the emotions of passion, and the flights of fancy.

But American poetry is as different from that of Hindustan, as the American himself is different from the Hindu. The poetry of every nation is characteristic of itself, and if all historical records were destroyed, and the poetry of every country preserved, it would not be difficult, from that source alone, to discover national characters.

As in my last epistle, I mentioned the principal American poems, thou wilt perceive, that only a small share of attention has yet been paid to the cultivation of poetry, in America. This does not arise from a deficiency of poetical talents, but from the state of society. For I have conversed with many Americans, whose souls were elevated by the purest poetical fire; whose minds were familiar with every dreadful, and every pleasing scene; who had been accustomed to contemplate, every thing which is "awfully vast, or elegantly little;" and to whom nature had opened her most copious stores of language.

I am told, also, that their schools and colleges, frequently exhibit very handsome proofs of poetical talents, which cultivation and leisure would probably ripen into the regular poetical characters. But every man is here a man of business. So universally is this true, that no American poet, by profession, can be found in the list of their literary men. All those, who have made any figure in poetry, have been men of business, who amused their leisure hours with the charms of verse.

Nor does the public taste encourage the cultivation of poetry. Party-spirit, and the lust of gain, rule the American nation with such undivided sway, as to engross every passion, and inflame every propensity. The meanest man is a politician equally with the greatest, and feels as if "the weight of mightiest monarchies," were to be sustained upon his shoulders.

At some future period, when the state of society shall be so much matured, as to afford literary men the means of undivided leisure; and when a literary taste in the nation, shall in some degree control the present ruling passions, it is probable, that poetry will be so far cultivated and encouraged in America, that the fame of American Poets will be equally great, and their names equally respectable, with those of Great Britain.

The natives of England, and of English America, excel the Hindus in strength, and clearness of reasoning. They are more addicted to logical and mathematical inquiries; and in these, the English have acquired an unrivalled celebrity, and the Americans are making very handsome improvements. Indeed, the first poets, both of England and America, are more distinguished for strength and sublimity, than those of Hindustan; but they are greatly inferior in that delicious luxuriance of imagination, and playful elegance of style, for which the Persian and Hindu poets are so remarkable.

Indeed, my dear El Hassan, when I indulge myself, as I frequently do, in perusing the volumes of Hindu and Persian poetry, which I have selected as the companions of my travels, and the amusement of my penive hours, I lose myself in an ideal presence in my own dear native land: I

suffer myself to be deluded into a conviction, that I am wandering in a fragrant grove, on the banks of the holy Ganges, marking the reflection of the moon-beams from its dimply waves, and listening to the songs of the night-loving birds, that sing from the fruit-dropping trees, and render vocal every spray. Then I start from my dream, the charming allusion is dissipated, and I cast my eyes around upon the land of strangers.

Although the scenes of nature in America, are less luxuriant, and the gilding of beauty is less splendid, than in Hindustan, still nature has here exerted her highest creative powers in the production of every thing, which is marked by amazing grandeur, and awful sublimity.

The rivers, majestic in their origin, swell and expand in their progress, till embracing a thousand tributary streams, their breadth soon mocks the ken of human eye. Rolling on to the ocean, they visit a hundred climes; they behold the painted savage, in his bark canoe, skimming the surface with incredible velocity, and bear upon their bosoms the weight of navies. Some range to the North, and seek an outlet beneath the polar skies; where the empire of frost yields, reluctantly, to the summer suns; and where the most powerful torrents are arrested in their channels, and chained fast to the rocks. Others flow to the South, till, confined by banks, that are covered, through the whole year, with fruits and flowers, they are lost in oceans, that sparkle to the vertical sun, and roll beneath the burning line.

The mountains, also, stretch in connected ridges, through immense regions, and hide their craggy tops in the clouds of Heaven. Their summits are gilded with sun-beams, while their middle regions are involved in storms and darkness.

Immense lakes, or inland seas, connected by straits, border the whole of the northern frontier of the United States, and connect, in commercial relations, countries, which are as remote from each other, as the Barumpooter from the Indus. Between two of these lakes, the *cataract* of Niagara tumbles, headlong, from the clouds; a white column of 170 feet in height, hangs suspended in the air; the spray rises, and exhibits the rainbow in all its beauty; while the thundering of the torrent drowns every other noise, and is heard in distant regions.

Landscapes, of boundless extent, and infinite variety, are presented on every side. From the top of a mountain, in this country, I have frequently viewed the surrounding scenes, and felt the poetical ardor kindle within me at the prospect. With one glance, the eye will often survey extensive and luxuriant plains, covered with cattle, and rich in verdure; rivers flowing with a smooth and undisturbed surface, or roaring over rugged bottoms; hills crowned with orchards, and sloping their green sides to the sun; valleys smiling with meadows and flowers, and shaded by groves; ships winding up in the inland waters, and breaking from among the hills; towns, villages and hamlets, indicative of rational life; and the immense ocean, lost at a distance beneath the incumbent sky.

These scenes, my dear friend, it is true, are not peculiar to America. They are presented in every country, but on a smaller scale. Here nature seems to have gloried in her might, and to have put forth the highest efforts of creative energy. Such scenes are calculated to seize the imagination, and hurry it into poetical enthusiasm. This effect I have frequently witnessed, as produced upon American minds. Their poets frequently celebrate their rivers, mountains, cataracts and plains; and there is no room to doubt, that at some future period, the American *Parnassus*, *Goverdham*, *Illissus* and *Ganges*, will be equally consecrated in poetical story, as those famous mountains and rivers.

Indeed there is no deficiency of poetical talents in the nation at large, and the whole natural scenery of the country, tends to fill the mind with grand and sublime conceptions, and in no small degree with sensations of beauty.

But sensations of exquisite beauty, are excited more powerfully in the country, which thou, my dear El Hassan, inhabitest, and which I still delight to call my own, than in this, or perhaps in any other. I would not suggest, that Hindustan is deficient in scenes of grandeur and sublimity.

Our Ganges, Indus, and Barumpooter, traverse immense regions, and refresh the ocean with an unbounded profusion of water: Our Goverdham lifts its top to the clouds, and the mountains of Kuttner and Gauts, overlook kingdoms, and separate nations. Our landscapes, are extensive, various and beautiful; and the ocean appears to us, also, unmeasured and unconfined.

But exquisite beauty, rather than amazing grandeur, is the distinguishing mark of the scenes of Hindustan. Where, in America, shall we look for the *Lotos*, that splendid and elegant flower; where for the *Betel*, the *Sandal Groves*, and the precious "musk deer?" Where shall we find bowers equally fragrant?—Vallies equally verdant and vocal, and trees that distill balsamic gums? In what American clime do the birds tune their throats to equal melody, and exhibit a plumage equally splendid, and shapes and motions equally graceful? What American imagination has represented the God of Love, like the Hindu *Cama*, "with a bow of sugar-cane or flowers, with a string of bees and five arrows, each pointed with an Indian blossom of a heating quality?"—Where, in America, can we find efforts of imagination equally splendid and beautiful, and stores of language equally copious?

In short, the English and Americans excel the Hindus in reason and taste; but the Hindus leave them far behind in flights of imagination, and beauty of expression. The Hindus, giving way to their native dispositions, sometimes indulge an exuberance of imagination, and a splendor of expression, too great to endure the scrutiny of cool reason, and correct taste. How happy would that poet be, who should combine the imagination and copiousness of the Hindu, with the sublimity and correctness of the American!

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From EDGEWORTH'S *Practical Education*.

## TOYS.

"WHY don't you play with your playthings, my dear? I am sure that I have bought toys enough for you; why can't you divert yourself with them, instead of breaking them to pieces?" says a mother to her child, who stands idle and miserable, surrounded by disjointed dolls, maimed horses, coaches and one-horse chaises without wheels, and a new clock wreck of gilded lumber.

A child in this situation is surely more to be pitied than blamed; for it is not vain to repeat, "Why don't you play with your playthings," unless they be such as he can play with, which is very seldom the case; and is it not rather unjust to be angry with him for breaking them to pieces, when he can by no other device render them subservient to his amusement? He breaks them, not from the love of mischief, but from the hatred of idleness; either he wishes to see what his playthings are made of, and how they are made; or, whether he can put them together again, if the parts be once separated. All this is perfectly innocent; and it is a pity that his love of knowledge and his spirit of activity should be repressed by the undistinguished correction of a nursery maid, or the unceasing reproof of a French governess.

The more natural vivacity and ingenuity young people possess, the less are they likely to be amused with the toys which are usually put into their hands. They require to have things which exercise their senses or their imagination, their imitative, and inventive powers. The glaring colors, or the gilding of toys, may catch the eye, and please for a few minutes, but unless some use can be made of them, they will, and ought, to be scorned.



discarded. A boy, who has the use of his limbs, and whose mind is untainted with prejudice, would, in all probability, prefer a substantial cart, in which he could carry weeds, earth and stones, up and down hill, to the finest frail coach and six that ever came out of a toyshop: for what could he do with the coach after having admired, and sucked the paint, but drag it cautiously along the carpet of a drawing-room, watching the wheels, which will not turn, and seem to sympathize with the just terrors of the lady and gentleman within, who are certain of being overturned every five minutes? When he is tired of this, perhaps, he may set about to unharness horses which were never meant to be unharnessed; or to curcomb their woollen manes and tails, which usually come off during the first attempt.

That such toys are frail and useless, may, however, be considered as evils comparatively small: as long as the child has sense and courage to destroy the toys, there is no great harm done; but, in general, he is taught to set a value upon them totally independent of all ideas of utility, or of any regard to his own real feelings. Either he is conjured to take particular care of them, because they cost a great deal of money; or else he is taught to admire them as miniatures of some of the fine things on which fine people pride themselves: if no other bad consequence were to ensue, this single circumstance of his being guided in his choice by the opinion of others is dangerous. Instead of attending to his own sensations, and learning from his own experience, he acquires the habit of estimating his pleasures by the taste and judgment of those who happen to be near him.

"I liked the cart the best," says the boy, "but mamma and every body said that the coach was the prettiest; so I chose the coach."—Shall we wonder if the same principle afterwards governs him in the choice of "the toys of age?"

#### MEMOIRS OF THE LATE MRS. MONTAGU.

SO long as sound learning, polished manners, and genuine humanity, hold a place among the estimable qualities of our earthly existence, this Lady will continue to be remembered with respect by the British Nation.

Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu was the eldest daughter of Matthew Robinson, Esq. Representative in Parliament for the County of Kent, and was born in the year 1719, at Horton in that County. We know not how many children Mr. Robinson had besides our heroine; but one other daughter (Mrs. Scott) has distinguished herself in the Republic of Letters, by the production of three novels of considerable merit: one son was, some years since, Primate of Ireland, and another is the present Lord Roebuck.

Having lost her parents at an early age, Miss Robinson was placed under the care of the celebrated Dr. Conyers Middleton, who, we believe, was married to her maternal aunt. To the attentions of this learned gentleman she was indebted for that complete education which qualified her afterwards to maintain so distinguished a rank in the Literary World.

On the 5th of August, 1742, she married Edward Montagu, Esq. of Altherthorpe, Yorkshire, Member of Parliament for the Town of Huntingdon, who, dying about twenty-eight years since, left her in possession of an ample fortune.

Of Mrs. Montagu's early devotion to literature an anecdote has been related, that seems to exceed the bounds, not of possibility, perhaps, but certainly of probability: it was positively affirmed by the late Dr. Monsey, Physician of Chelsea College, who had been many years intimate with Dr. Middleton and Mrs. Montagu, that, at eight years of age, she had actually transcribed the whole of the Spectator!

In the year 1760, Lord Littleton published his "Dialogues of the Dead," of which the three last were the work of Mrs. Montagu, whose assistance His Lordship acknowledged in his Preface, with a just compliment:—"The three last Dialogues are written by a different hand, as I am afraid would have appeared but too plainly to the reader, without my having told it. If the friend who favoured me with them should write any more, I shall think the public owes me a great obligation, for having excited a genius so capable of uniting delight with instruction, and giving to knowledge and virtue those graces which the wit of the age has too often employed all its skill to bestow upon folly and vice."—His Lordship was her particular friend, and, had he been free from the connubial engagement, would, it is said, have offered her his hand and fortune.

Her talents and knowledge introduced Mrs. Montagu to the acquaintance of the famous Earl of Bath (Pulteney), whom she accompanied, with his Lady and Mrs. Carter (the Translator of Epictetus), on a Tour through Germany, &c.; during which Mrs. Montagu corresponded with some of the first literary characters of the country. While she was at Paris, the cynical Voltaire vented his spleen against Shakespeare with much violence, and, among other illiberal remarks, published the following:—"C'est moi qui autrefois parlai le premier de ce Shakespeare: c'est moi qui le premier montrai aux Francois quelques perles qui j'avois trouvees dans son enorme lumier."—Our fair countrywoman immediately replied (alluding to the various plagiarisms which Voltaire had made from the very works which he thus attempted to degrade):—"C'est un fumier qui a fertilize une terree bien ingrate."—This anecdote, which shews remarkable promptitude and wit, was circulated with the utmost rapidity through the literary circles of Paris, to the confusion of the Critic.

In 1770, she published her principal work, entitled, "An Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakespeare, compared with the Greek and French Dramatic Poets; with some Remarks upon the Mistrrepresentations of Monher de Voltaire." This production must ever rank among the best vindications of the Sweet Swan of Avon from the charges of hypercriticism, and will continue an honourable memento of the learning, taste, and genius of its Author.

We have before said, that Mrs. Montagu maintained an epistolary correspondence with many of the most distinguished literati; it will not, therefore, be wondered at, that her house in Portman Square should be the resort of genius and learning. Johnson, Gibbon, Burke, and many other characters of equal celebrity in their day, were accustomed to meet there, and enjoy the true "feast of reason:" indeed, it has been said, that, to the friendly zeal of Mrs. Montagu, the eloquent Edmund Burke was indebted for his first introduction to the higher circles. The *Blue Stocking Club*, also, is said to have been instituted by Mrs. Montagu and Miss Hannah More.

One of the strongest traits in Mrs. Montagu's private character was a disposition to deeds of benevolence, whether required for the protection of genius, or the relief of humble objects of distress. Her annual bounty and hospitality to the *Sooty tribe*, most of our Readers must have read of, or seen; as a mere act of grace to an oppressed, and generally unhappy, race of beings, this festival may claim sufficient praise, though the vulgar report should prove a vulgar error, which stated the ceremony to have originated in the recovery of a lost child of Mrs. M.'s, who had been discovered among the sabbie brotherhood of Chimney-sweepers.

Mrs. Montagu died on the 25th August, 1800, at the age of eighty-one, and was buried at Winchester, whither she had ordered to be conveyed for interment near her, the remains of her infant son John Montagu, buried, at the age of fifteen months, at Barraster, in Yorkshire. Her nephew inherits the bulk of her fortune, which is estimated, by rumour, at ten thousand pounds a year.

#### SKETCH OF THE CHARACTER OF MR. BOYLE.

IT is a duty we owe society, to commemorate the benefactors of mankind; and I therefore feel great pleasure in laying before you a short sketch of the character of Mr. BOYLE, whose unexceptionable integrity, extensive charity, and singular piety, did great honor to philosophy; no one ever took more pains to promote natural knowledge in all its branches; among these, the doctrine of the air afforded him ample field, and he cultivated it with success; he examined objections with patience, and refuted them without ostentation.

The world he considered as the temple of God, and man (to use his own words) as born the priest of nature, ordained, by being qualified, to celebrate divine service, not only in but for it. Not satisfied with having promoted the belief of a Deity, and the evidence of true religion, in the great number of volumes composed by him during the course of a laborious life, he has taken care by his will to perpetuate a succession of advocates for it.

Such a man, we must allow to be an ornament to his own age and country, and a public benefit to all times and nations. He seems to have been a heavenly spirit in a human form descending from above, to survey the wonders of this lower frame, and from thence, as from a new subject, to raise in himself and others, a new source of adoration and gratitude, and new songs of love and praise.  
H.

#### THE MARCHIONESS DE GANGE.

[Continued from No. VI.]

SOON after this, her grand-father, the sieur de Nocheres, died, and she came into possession of a very large fortune, which he left to her sole use and disposal. The marquis now thought it necessary again to alter his behaviour, and to treat with respect a woman who had so much in her power. The abbe was the forwardest to advise him to assume the semblance of his former affection, since he saw that he could himself gain nothing, but that his family might lose a great deal by contrary behaviour. As to the chevalier, he was a mere cypher, whom the abbe directed as he pleased. But the change was too great, at this time, to deceive madame de Gange. Whatever their professions were, she believed their hearts were still the same, and that their present complaisance she owed entirely to her acquisition of fortune, and her power of disposing of it. As the affairs of this wealthy succession were likely to occupy a great deal of their time, and to prevent their going to Gange so much as they used to do, the marquis designed passing some months there, in order to regulate the business of that estate, that no inconvenience might arise from his future absence. He proposed to the marchioness to accompany him thither; to which, with her usual sweetness, she consented, though she had a decided and invincible antipathy to the place. On this occasion she felt a particular repugnancy, and presentiments of such melancholy import, as determined her before she went to make a will, by which she declared madame de Rouffan, her mother, her sole heir, for life, to all her fortune, with liberty to give it, at her death, to either of the children which she (the marchioness de Gange) had by the marquis. One was a son, then about six years; and the other a daughter, about five: and mistrusting, perhaps, her own firmness, she went before a magistrate at Avignon, and declared that the testament she signed in his presence was her real meaning, and that any subsequent one should be considered as extorted from her, and be of no effect; and she signed a declaration to that purpose as strong as could be drawn up. It was easy to see, from the purport of this will, that the treatment she had received from the marquis had made a deep impression on



her heart, for his name was not mentioned. As soon as she had confirmed this disposition of her effects, by the most authentic and certain precautions, she prepared for her journey to the chateau de Gange, though with so strong a persuasion that she should return no more, that she took a solemn and affecting farewell of all her friends, who, with tears, heard her express the unaccountable prejudice she had conceived, that she was bidding them an eternal adieu! Under the same mournful idea, she distributed several sums of money among the converts at Avignon; particularly, she gave a sum to the recollects, beseeching them to say mass for her, and to pray that she might not die without receiving the holy sacraments; and so earnestly did she recommend herself to their prayers, that she seemed convinced her death was inevitable.—What shall we say to these presentiments, so frequent in history? How account for the unseen hand, which, while it warms the victims of their fate, seems to take from them, the power of avoiding it? Under such impressions, however, madame de Gange began her journey to the chateau de Gange, situated nineteen leagues from Avignon; where, on her arrival, she was received by the dowager marchioness de Gange, the marquis's mother, with every demonstration of esteem and affection. This lady, who was of a character uncommonly amiable, and had a very superior understanding, was charmed with her daughter-in-law, and on this and every other occasion had behaved to her with the greatest politeness and regard.—Her usual residence was at Montpellier, but she now came to pass some time with her son, and endeavoured to contribute, as much as possible, to make her residence at Gange agreeable to the young marchioness. The marquis himself, as well as the abbe and the chevalier, seemed also to strive, by their present kindness and attention, to make her forget every impropriety in their former behaviour, and left nothing undone that they thought would convince her that their hearts were entirely changed.—The most insinuating manners, the most delicate attentions, were employed to persuade madame de Gange of their sincerity; and the abbe and chevalier, as if convinced that their presumptuous attachment had justly incurred the displeasure of the marchioness, now appeared no longer as importunate lovers, but as tender friends; and they assumed this character with so much ease, that she, who was the most candid and sincere of women, forgot insensibly the dislike she had conceived, and lived with them on a footing of unreserved friendship and intimacy; flattering herself that her future life would be tranquil, and ever happy. After the whole family had continued together for some time, the dowager madame de Gange returned to Montpellier, and the marquis said he was obliged by business to return to Avignon. But before he went, there is reason to believe he held a long consultation with his brothers; which contributed but too much to the tragical event that so soon followed his departure. The dowager marchioness and her eldest son being gone, madame de Gange found herself alone with two persons who were in fact her greatest enemies, but who hid their enmity under such refined hypocrisy, that she not only believed them entirely cured of their former dishonourable thoughts of her, but that they had been converted by her conduct to a just sense of what they owed her and her husband. As soon as the abbe saw that his dissimulation had on her soft and ingenuous mind all the effect he had hoped for, he contrived, under pretence of consulting only her happiness, to mention to her the will she had made at Avignon, which he besought her to alter, representing to her, that while such a will remained in force, the world, as well as the marquis her husband, would believe, that she still harboured anger and resentment against him; and that, as he was determined to live with her for the future in the most perfect

\* Such was the conviction of his death that haunted Henry the 4th. before he was assassinated by Ravaillac. Such the strange signs that preceded the death of the duke of Guise, at Blois; and innumerable others, related in the histories of all nations.

harmony, it was her part to convince him, by revoking that will, that she no longer remembered their former disagreements. Madame de Gange, whose heart was formed for affection and forgiveness, could not resist these reasons; she consented to make a new will, in which she gave every thing to her husband. The abbe either did not know of the declaration she had signed at Avignon, or did not believe it would invalidate a subsequent act. Certain it is, that he did not ask her to revoke that act; but having, as he thought, secured her property to his family, he prepared to execute the infamous design he had formed; and, by his influence with the insatiable chevalier, he forced him to enter into all his views, and even to keep peace with him in the most atrocious crimes.—Some time in May, 1667, madame de Gange, being slightly indisposed, sent to the apothecary of the place for a medicine she had occasion to take; but when it came, it was so black and thick, that she found her aversion to it invincible, and refused to swallow it. She contented herself with taking some pills she had by her. It is more than probable, that the abbe and the chevalier had mixed poison in this medicine; for, as they did not know, for some time, that the marchioness had not taken it, they sent in the course of the morning several times, to the door of her chamber, to enquire how she did; undoubtedly expecting, with impatience, to hear, that the poison had the effect they intended; but being undeceived, as to her having drank it, they formed the diabolical resolution of destroying, at all events, the unfortunate object of their malignity.

[To be continued.]

#### For the LITERARY TABLET.

THERE is nothing in which authors are more subject to err than in attempting to introduce sublimity into their writings. Objects, in themselves important, are frequently, by a mistaken idea of the true sublime, made to appear trivial, and trivial objects magnified to such a degree as to appear contemptible and ridiculous.

The true foundation and source of all degrees of the sublime are laid in nature. This kind of sublimity not only persuades, but raises the passions of an audience into transport, whereas the other depresses the feelings, and neither persuades nor gives delight. *The true sublime, says Longinus, when seasonably addressed, with the rapid force of lightning, has borne down all before it, and shewn at one stroke the compacted force of genius.* Flights of grandeur never have a happy effect, when introduced with boldness without discretion. Such flights are always forced and unnatural, and instead of beautifying and adorning the style, debase and corrupt it, and when put to the test of reason appear, in themselves contemptible. *They shine not like stars, but glare like meteors.*

POPE, in his *Essay on Criticism*, beautifully describes the true source of the sublime in the following lines:

"First follow nature, and your judgment frame  
By her just standard, which is still the same:  
Unerring nature, still divinely bright,  
One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,  
Life, force, and beauty must to all impart,  
At once the source, and end, and test of art."

Poets have ever strove to excel in sublimity of expression. Hence, by striving to avoid the censure of impotence and feurrility, they have hurried themselves into the contrary extreme, imagining that,

*In great attempts 'tis glorious e'en to fall.*

An invincible love of grandeur is naturally implanted in the human breast. Hence, esteeming creation insufficient to bound the imagination, poets have launched forth into the boundless fields of fiction. Such are the expressions of MILTON; when at Adam's eating the forbidden fruit,—

"Earth trembled from her entrails, as again  
In pangs, and nature gave a second groan;  
Sky low'r'd, and muttering thunder some sad drops  
Wept, at completing of the mortal sin."

Poets, who have been successful in introducing the true sublime into their works, have been of great use and advantage.

*Here, as their fancies glow'd with usual heat,  
Earth, men, and gods have shown more truly great.*  
Y.

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*Directions for restoring Persons who are supposed to be Dead, from Drowning.*

1st. AS soon as the body is taken out of the water, it must be conveyed, with care and tenderness, to a house, or any other place, where it can be laid dry and warm, avoiding the usual, destructive methods of rolling it on a barrel, or placing it across a log on its belly.

2dly. The clothes must be immediately stripped off, and the body wrapped up in blankets well warmed. It should be laid on its back, with the head a little raised. If the weather be cold, it should be placed near a fire; but if the weather should be warm, it will be sufficient to place it between two blankets well heated; taking care to prevent the room from being crowded with any persons who are not necessarily employed about the body.

3dly. As soon as it can possibly be done, a bellows should be applied to one nostril, while the other and the mouth are kept closed, and the lower end of the prominent part of the windpipe, is pressed backward. The bellows is to be worked in this situation, and when the breast is swelled by it, the bellows should stop, and an assistant should press the belly upwards to force the air out. The bellows should then be applied as before, and the belly should then be pressed upwards: and the process should be repeated from twenty to thirty times in a minute, so as to imitate natural breathing as nearly as possible. Some volatile spirits heated, should be held under the valve of the bellows, while it works. If a bellows cannot be procured, some person should blow into one of the nostrils, through a pipe or quill, while the other nostril and mouth are closed as before: or if a pipe or quill be not at hand, he should blow into the mouth, while both nostrils are closed:—but whenever a bellows can be procured, it should be preferred: as air forced in by this means, will be much more serviceable than air, which has been already breathed.

4thly. At the same time, the whole body should be rubbed with the hand, or with hot woollen cloths. The rubbing should be moderate; but continued with industry a long time, and particularly about the breast.

5thly. During this time, a large quantity of ashes, or salt, or sand, should be heated; and as soon as it is milk warm, the body should be placed in it. The blowing and rubbing are then to be continued as before: and when the ashes, and salt, or sand, are cooled, some warmer must be added, so that the whole may be kept milk-warm.

These methods should be continued three or four hours: as, in several instances, they have proved successful, though no signs of life appeared until that time. When the patient is able to swallow, he should take some wine, or rum and water.—Bleeding or purging ought not to be used, without consulting a physician, who should be called in as soon as possible."

CC

—"LIBERTY is in its highest perfection, when criminal laws derive each punishment from the particular nature of the crime. The knowledge acquired in some countries, or that may hereafter be obtained in others, in regard to the surest rules that can be observed in criminal judgments, is more interesting to mankind than any other thing in the universe. Liberty can only be founded on the practice of this knowledge."

MONTESQUIEU.



FOR THE TABLET.

TRANSLATED FROM HORACE.

THE furrowed field not always drinks the rains,  
Nor sweeps the rough wind o'er the angry seas;  
Winter not e'er his icy rule maintains  
Nor shatters, with his blast, the widowed trees.\*

But your sad harp each frightlier note denies,  
Since your lov'd *Mythes* fought the realms of rest;  
Nor morning cheers you when it streaks the skies,  
Nor Heaven's own lamp shoots radiance to your breast.

*Anillochus* did not thro' life prolong  
The tears of aged Nestor, Pylian chief,  
Nor hung Troy's matrons o'er the harp so long,  
When darling *Troilus* engaged their grief.

Cease, then, ah! cease the mournful strain to flow;  
Thy Country's Glory wakes the glad'ning lyre!  
For public joys forsake the couch of woe,  
And lose a Parent's sorrow in a Patriot's fire!

\* *Folies videntur.*

R.

## WILLIAM AND NANCY.

A BALLAD.

WHILST, on her sailor's breast reclin'd,  
The beautiful Nancy mourn'd,  
The jolly tar, with truth sincere,  
Rebuk'd each unavailing tear,  
Yet ev'ry kiss return'd.  
"O William, let me go with thee,  
(The sweet bewailer cry'd)  
Let me with thee, dear youth, repose,  
Share all thy transports, all thy woes,  
And be thy bonny bride."

'Twas not a welcome breeze that then  
Could real rapture prove;  
'Twas not sweet friendship's mirthful voice,  
When round the ship the tars rejoice;  
But 'twas the test of love,  
Which wave on wave their course pursu'd,  
And bore the ship again,  
What pleasure did not William feel;  
What charms did Nancy not reveal;  
'Twas bliss that brav'd decay.

One fatal night—the frightful storm  
Tore William from her arms;  
The rath'felt with eager hand  
When up the shrouds he fought command,  
To quell its rude alarms!  
She saw him venture on the yard,  
Yet fear'd she to bewail;  
Dauntless, she view'd the briny wave,  
The mainmast shake, the rigging lave,  
And tear the swelling sail!

Bold William spy'd her on the deck,  
And cheer'd her with a smile;  
But oh! a harder, keener blast,  
His poor exhausted soul o'ercast;  
He view'd his fate the while:  
A whirlwind forc'd him from the yard,  
And plung'd him in the main!  
Nancy beheld with frantic fear,  
"And now, (she cry'd) my life, my dear,  
I'll follow thee again."

William, emerging from the deep,  
A tar (his friend) survey'd;  
But how were friendship's woes express'd,  
When Nancy on her sailor's breast,  
His timely help delay'd.  
But William press'd the close embrace,  
The dawn of hope was nigh;  
A refuge in his friend he found;  
A rope had grasp'd his arm around,  
And wav'd his destiny.

The winds were buff'd, when safe on board,  
All hail'd the rescue'd pair;  
The rose once more, on Nancy's face,  
Dispell'd the lily's sickly grace,  
And blossom'd in a tear.  
The jolly crew now crowd the waist,  
Brisk gales their joys approve,  
While each their tender hopes confess,  
And Nancy's lips receive the press  
Of unextinguish'd love.

FEMALE CONSTANCY;  
OR, THE EFFECTS OF POETRY.  
[From a Paris paper.]

POETRY or Music;—which of the two possesses the most powerful influence on man?—It is difficult to decide upon the superiority of either. It is known what prodigies were wrought by the latter under the fingers of Orpheus and Amphion, and the powerful effects which it produced thro' the organ of Tyrtæus. Neither are the vast projects to which the poetry of Homer incited the young King of Macedon forgotten.—The following anecdote of an occurrence last summer, proves the influence of the beautiful poems of Tasso, the Homer of Italy.

A young lady, from the neighbourhood of Alexandria, belonging to a family of distinction, had devoted herself to the study of Tasso, whose "Jerusalem Delivered" she had entirely by heart. Such was her taste for this Poet, and so far had she identified herself with his heroines, that she alternately believed herself to be Sophronia braving the fury of Aladrius; Clorinda contending with Tancred; or Herminia penetrating, during the night, the camp of the christians. She regarded these adventurers as natural, and was disposed to imitate them.

An opportunity soon occurred: the Italian hearkens to the addresses of a young gentleman, who is extremely anxious to marry her, but whose father, from motives of interest, opposes his wishes. The young man, obliged to yield to the will of his father, a friend to the French party, enters into the service, and joins the army of reserve, after leaving a farewell letter to his mistress. The father intercepts the letter. The young lady, hearing of the departure of her lover without receiving one line of consolation from him, considers herself as neglected. The idea of not being loved afflicts her heart, and troubles her understanding: she consults the heroines of Tasso. What would the tender Herminia have done—thus abandoned? She would have followed her unfeeling lover to the army; she would have lavished her own days to save those of the ingrate, and to convince him of the truth of her passion: such is the part she determines on taking. She wins over an old servant of the family; sets out with him; purchases a hussar coat at the next town; goes straight to the French camp; shews her brother's papers, which she had taken out of his portfolio; joins the crowd of Italians who came to the army of the Republic; and, under her brother's name, gains a flattering reception.

Confounded with the crowd of soldiers, she contemplates her lover; follows him every where with her eyes, and believes herself far from his thoughts, when she sees him joining in the pleasures of the other officers, and preparing for the great battle which was fought a few days after on the plains of Maringo.

This girl, actually believing herself to be Clorinda, appeared determined to join in the combat, for she belonged to a detachment commanded by her lover himself, and charged with the defence of a post on the side of Villa-delfaro; but her brother, having traced her to the army, came on the following morning to reclaim his sister and the papers, on the faith of which she had been enrolled. The father was so much touched with this extraordinary display of love, that he gave his consent to the marriage.

## ARRIA, THE WIFE OF PÆTUS.

THOSE writers who have attempted to exalt the virtues of their own sex, by depreciating the merits of ours, have frequently asserted, that the female mind is as incapable of fortitude as it is of constancy. To prove that this opinion is both unjust and ungenerous, I shall take the liberty of presenting my readers with two historical instances of female constancy and resolution, which are not to be surpassed in the annals of manly fortitude.

Among the number of those who have espoused the cause of Camillus, was a noble Roman of the name of PÆTUS, who, upon the failure of their scheme, had fled for safety to a distance from Rome, attended by the object both of his love and tenderness.

As the crime, of which Pætus had been guilty, was considered treasonable, the pains which were taken to discover his retreat, were such as it was not possible to elude, and at length his enemies found out his concealment.

The amiable Arria had long expected this misfortune, and had prepared her mind to support it with resignation; but when she heard the officers of justice inhumanly refuse to admit her to attend him, the horror of a separation was greater than she could sustain, and she endeavoured, by tears, to move their compassion; finding, however, that all persuasions were ineffectual, she offered a large reward to the owners of a fishing boat, if they would follow the ship which conveyed her husband.—The hopes of profit subdued the impression of fear, and the little vessel put to sea: happily no storm impeded its progress, and the courageous pair one arrived in safety to Rome.

The Senate were no less astonished at the strength of her resolution, than they were struck with the force of her attachment; and though they were unable to grant the life she held so dear, for her sake they resolved to protract it, and allow her the privilege of attending him in his confinement.

During that period, instead of disarming his resolution, by describing her own miseries, she constantly endeavoured to inspire him with fortitude; and when she found that the faint hopes she had entertained that his life would be spared, could no longer with prudence be indulged, she conjured him to avoid the ignominy of a public execution, by a voluntary termination of his own existence.

Whether it was a natural fear of death, or a dread of parting with so dear an object, that rendered Pætus deaf to her persuasions, cannot be ascertained; but, finding that all her arguments were ineffectual, she drew a dagger from her robe, and burying it in her own bosom, drew it recking from it, and presenting it to her husband, with a smile, said, tenderly, "It is not painful, my Pætus!"

## DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

THE Duchess of Devonshire had an elegant compliment paid to her lately at Chatsworth, by a gentleman, who, after viewing the garden and the library, applied to her the words of Cowley.

The fairest garden in her locks,  
And in her mind, the choicest books.

Hanover, N. H.

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